NEWS IN CONSTANTINOPLE.

ITS RESTRICTIONS AND TRIBULATIONS-PO-LITICAL AND PERSONAL.

PROM THE REGULAR CORRESPONDENT OF THE CONSTANTINOPIE, July 28.

The interests of the Turkish Government have required the adoption of stringent measures as to the dissemination of news in this country. During a whole month no newspaper in this city has contained a syilable about Egypt. The very name is forbidden our vocabulary. Not a word about the Mahdi, not a hint of the Conference at London has been permitted to reach the cars of the people who live under the protecting shadow of the Sultan. The other day, in the baznars, I unexpectedly met a native friend and remarked, " Why, I thought you were in Egypt." He grasped my arm with an expression of terror on his countenance, and said, "For pity's sake, don't speak that word aloud or we shall be arrested." The strictest police surveillance is exercised over the coffee-shops and the streets to prevent conversation that might carry to natives news gathered from The London Times. The benefit of such efforts at suppressing news is not apparent, for the two mails which come from Europe every week bring French and English papers to thousands of subscribers in this city. The course of events is closely followed, although local papers are deprived of the profit of such publication, Little by little every new occurrence somehow leaks out and becomes the property of the nureading public with all the exaggerations of hearsay evi-

A movement is on foot to control even these channels of communication. The Porte has notified the foreign ambassadors here that after August 1 (old | style) it intends to close all the foreign post offices in the city and to take the control of the mails into its own hands. This will give it the privilege of suppressing our reading matter whenever necessity arises. At present it does not control the through the foreign post offices even such dangerous matter as Lord Byron's poems in spite of the edict of the censors placing them, for political reasons, on the Turkish Index Expurgatorius.

The question of the post offices bids fair to be a serious one. In olden times there being no Turkish posts worthy of the name, the Austrian and the French consulates used to receive and forward the correspondence of the merchants under their protection. The custom in time developed regular post mection with the consulates. During the Crimean War the English found it necessary to have an office of their own, and some fifteen years age a regular German post-office was opened in Pera. these offices are now in existence, and thriving business. They exist because the Turks have never had the ability or the facilities for transmitting the important letters which the foreign merchants in this country have weekly to send to Europe. The offices are protected by the capitulations-those ancient treaties framed to protect foreigners from lawless aggression. Half dozen years ago the Turks also established a post office here for foreign correspondence, sending out their mail bags by Austrian, French or Russian steamers, and paying nothing for freight. They have succeeded much better than any one expected, and generally get letters through pretty well. But the fact that important letters do occasionally disappear, especially if they are addressed to newsoffices abroad, has made the public a little shy of trusting their mails to the Turks. The proposition to commit the whole business to the ands of the venerable gentleman who sits at the head of the Turkish Post Office Department is reseived with a howl of terror on all sides. The determined suppression of news and the vigorous penalties recently enacted against any man who shall send news from Constantinople to a foreign lightened the fears of the foreign colonists. But the politically serious part of the business is that the proposal of the Porte is to set aside the capituparties. There is not sufficient amelioration of the rder of things which originally necessitated the capitulations and no evidence of any intention to ameliorate them. Hence foreign consuls here are entirely unwilling to allow the least infringement of these old treaties.

The staple news of the day is the number of people who died of cholera in France yesterday. The ole telegrams allowed to pass the censor are those elating to this interesting subject. The Board of Health here is formed, by agreement with the Porte, on an international basis, each foreign Nation being represented by one member. It established a and a quarantine of five days at the Black Sea end | benefit

and thrown into the Bosphorus, an hour after sunset in a populous suburb; an official connected with the Russian Embassy, krocked down at noon in a business street in Galata, and robbed of \$7,500. which he had just drawn from the bank; a Turkish officer connected with the Treasury Department stabbed and robbed while on his way home in the evening; a Greek merchant stabbed and robbed in the heart of Pera when returning from the theatre, etc. One man was lately stopped in Pera by men in the uniform of the Turkish army. They said they had to search people at night in order to see if they had concealed weapons. When they began to feel their victim's person in search of arms, he assured them that he had not even a penkinfe upon him.

'Oh, very well," was the reply, "we have a revolver?" And with that the revolver touched his temple to support a demand for his watch and his purse! The hopeless fact about these robberies is that there is hardly ever an arrest of the guilty persons. Often the robbers are reported to be in uniform. This gives confirmation to the statement of a Turkish soldier to a friend of mine who asked him how he managed to live without his pay. "Oh," said the Turk, "we get what we can by lying and stealing, and we trust in God for the rest."

The Congress of the United States, in its diplo-One man was lately stopped in Pera by men in

The Congress of the United States, in its diplomatic appropriations this year, has been medding with matters which it does not understand. In the first place it has cut down the salary of the Consul-General to an impossible basis, and in the second place it has cut off the centingent fund which provides for the messengers of the Legation and Consulate. Every Legation and Consulate here has to have one or two carcases, officers of the Turkish Government, and wearing its uniform, but paid by the Legation. The curass carries official dispatches, goes with the ambassador or consulto insure his protection from insult in the streets and indicate his official character when he goes to the houses of offices of grandees; he is, in fact, the guarantic to the masses, of the official character of the Minister or consul. It is understood that a Legation here cannot be carried on without an official interpreter, and Congress has vonchasfed that expense. But these cards are exactly as necessary as as an inter-The Congress of the United States, in its diplose corresses are exactly as necessary as is an inter-ter. They translate to the eye instead of the ear, ave known of an American Minister here, walk-without a caress to make known his official racter, who was hustled by a mob of boatmen or character, who was instead by a mot of boatmen or hackmen, and who was entirely at their mercy until some merciful foreigner posted in the language of the people interposed to relieve his distress. The character, of the people, as well as the mage of the officials makes it absolutely necessary for the Minister at Constantinople to be attended by a carass. If he has not a caras he is in the productment of a man without an interpreter, and might as well stay at home. Nevertheless, Congress has cut off the appropriation, which is less than a thousand dollars. It might now well close out the Legation, and have done with it.

Mr. Marion Crawford, the novelist, is spending Mr. Marion Crawing, the average is spentally the summer here. It has been understood that he sengaged on a new romance of which the scene is ad in this city. It now appears that the romance so fa more strictly personal nature than was supposed, and is arranged to culminate under the

orange blossoms before the winter sets in. For those readers who have carelessly ascribed to the novelist himself the confirmed cynicism of the com-panion of Mr. Isaacs, an illusion is taken away. The daughter of a well-known American General is

the fair Constantinopolitan whose hand has done it. It may interest your readers to know that the Americans in Turkey take a keen interest in the Presidential canvass. The great majority are stanch Republicans. The party nomination was not an agreeable one to all of the Americans here. But when they come to a choice between Blaine and Logan and Cleveland and the Democratic party, it is soon made. The deginition of the party which, as Mr. Curtis says, "fell from power as a conspiracy against human rights, and now attempts to sneak back into power as a conspiracy for plunder and spoils," savers quite too much of boiled crow, some days old. You can count the American colony in Turkey as nearly a unit for Blaine and Logan.

WHAT PARIS TALKS ABOUT.

A GRAND LOTTERY-THE LEGITIMISTS AND THE COMTE DE PARIS.

FROM THE REGULAR CORRESPONDENT OF THE TRIBUNE 1
PARIS, July 31.
A sensation of the week has been the drawing for the prizes of a lottery got up by M. Autonin Pronst to create a museum of industrial and decorative art. Thirteen million tickets (not deducting commissions allowed to venders) were sold at one franc apiece. One million remain unsold. To get rid of these it was arranged that the drawing should go on for ten consecutive days and that the grand lots should be drawn last. Each day there were two lots of 10,000 francs, ten of 1,000 francs, and forty of 500 francs. The final ones were eight of 25,000 francs, four of 50,000 francs, four of 100,000 francs, one of 200,000 francs, and one of 500,000 francs. Dr Blanche, the great insanity doctor, found that after every drawing of a great lottery the number of boarders at his private madhouse increased. The hope of getting suddenly rich so excited brains that when the reaction came the insanity which precedes nails from abroad, and every one may import paralysis showed itself. I dare say that many cases of lunsey will follow the drawing for prizes during the last ten days. A woman who had watched every day the operations of the wheel went into hysterics when the 500,000 francs' prize was drawn She was poor, had spent 45 francs and gained nothing. On the other hand a group of workmen at Nancy who subscribed to buy three hundred tickets won 10,000 francs. The other lucky per sons have not yet come forward. Charges of foul play are brought against the committee. A police comissary was present at all the drawings. But as he knew nothing of mechanics he was not compe tent to decide whether the wheel was in proper working order. French people do not keep a stiff lip when defeated, though their cheerful disposttions enable them to survive disaster. Most those who have gained nothing will take up the foul-play ery and not stop to think whether it has some foundation or not. Those Legitimists who were the highest in the

fayor of the Comte de Chambord refuse to have any dealings with the Comte de Paris. Judged according to the Right Divine theory, their open disavowal of him must be approved by all those who are not more partisans of the d'Orleans. The Spanish, the Neapolitan and the Parma Bourtons are the descendants of Louis Quatorze, their common ancestor and the ancestor of the Comte de Cham bord, while the Comte de Paris is only descended from the brother of that movarch. It is not true that the Due d'Anjou (Philip V. of Spain) renounced his eventual rights to the French throne, All he and his father ic tirand Monargacould be brought to do was to make an engagement that the crowns of France and Spain should never be wern by the same potentate, It is all nonsense to argue that the Comte de Pari has a situation which gives hun the first place in the Bourbon family and that he is "French." Don newspaper without permission has by no means | Carlos is a thorough-paced boulevardier. His wife is the daughter of a Parma Bourbon and of the sister of the Comte de Chambord, and his sor James was born at Pau, the cradle of the Bourbon lations without the consent of the contracting race. Don Juan, the father of Carlos and real head of the entire house, is a citizen of the world. This wife, Beatrice, the Archduchess of Este Hapshurg, lives in a convent at Gratz. She is a sister of the Comtesse de Chambord. When Juan is "at home" it is in a spacious house in the Regents Park where he does not reside alone. His name in France is against him. He is a good fellow and spends nine months out of the twelve in roaming about Europe. Nobody is better qualified by a long experience of hotels, first, second and third class, inns and boarding-houses to serve as a courrier than Don Juan. He hates politics and prefers his liberty to the restricted life tigid quarantine against all arrivals from France of a King. But he conspires for the of a King. But he conspires for the benefit of his sons and grandson, and would chant his nune dimittus were a Carles King of Spain, with the reversion of the throne secured to a son of his brother Alphones and bon secured to a son of his brother Alphones. The Drother Alphones and bon secured to a son of his brother Alphones. The Drother Alphones and bon secured to a son of his brother Alphones. The Drother Alphone secured to a son of his brother Alphones. The Drother Alpho and grandson, allowed to own a horse. his sons

"JOSH BILLINGS."

HOW HE LOOKS AND TALKS.

FROM AN OCCASIONAL CORRESPONDENT OF THE TRIBUNE. SARATOGA SPRINGS, Aug. 16,-Mr. Henry W. Shaw (Josh Billings) is now stopping with his sister, Mrs. Bubcock, at her home here. The house is a commodious old mansion, surrounded by tall trees, and is now offered for sale. Mr. Shaw has a large family, and the most of his children and grandchildren are around Some of them are scattered as far as South America, and others are sojourning at Nantucket. A Term-UN: correspondent paid him a visit recently, and found | frequent visitor. Here were held many abolition meet the apostle of phonetic spelling and dry humor in the | ings and councils of the abolition leaders. These were barn smoking a cigar. He is now sixty-six years old. but retains his physical vigor, and his tall figure and grave face, framed in long locks of gray-brown hair, hardly suggested so ripe an age. He took pleasure in showing his team, "Tom and Jerry," which he drove

all the way from New-York to Sarutoga last June. "We were seven days coming," he related, "and drove only until noon each day. Our expenses averaged nt \$8 a day, and it was a very pleasant ride. Last summer I drove them to the White Mountains. I came up here for the sir and the rest. I do not care for the mineral water. My lecture the other evening was very well attended. I have read the lecture hundreds of mineral water. My lecture the other evening was very well attended. I have read the lecture hundreds of times under different titles. But it doesn't pay as well as it used to, though I always have full houses. But the business has ran down. I remember the crop of humorists that came on before Artemas Ward. They were none of them rice enough to pay for their own finerals. I met a lot of them one might, and we had a joily time. But after that it began to pay. Ward made some money. Petrolum V. Nashy is worth \$200,000. Burdette, the "Hawkeye" man, and "The Free Press," Norristown Herald," and other humorists are saving money. But the business is overdone. Every paper now has its lunny man. No; I never make lokes about religion. If there is anything in me, it's reverence. I am a firm believer. I like a man who believes nothing I give him the whole of the road. I like to hit a subject in the rear. If I have anything to say I can say it in three lines, and after all it's the paragraph or sentence or even phrase that's remembered rather than pages. Some of my sayings are mere platitudes. I have never excelled some things which I wrote in my Essay on a Mule,' my first venture, and sold for \$1.50. I am willing to talk on anything but polities and religion. Autograph hunters I yes, three or four a day. I never refuse them."

And as the correspondent left he carried away a history of "Josh" on which was written: "Yours without a struggle, Josh Billings."

HE CERTAINLY OUGHT TO KNOW.

"Which would you rather have—a little brother or a little sater!" saked Mrs. Simpleton of her little by Tomay.

"Oh, ms. don't let us have either of them—children are such a numance about a house."

BROADWAY NOTE-BOOK.

MEN AND THINGS. THE COUNTRY ROUND. THE PERSONAL NOTES AND NOTIONS OF A BROAD-WAY LOUNGER. The photograph craze is spreading, and London

and Paris beauties sell here for a dellar apiece. Bronze casting in New-York has become an extensive ness, and the works of art of Europe are reproduced by Guerin and others as finely as they can be made in Munich or Paris. We formerly sent statues to Europe to

American encaustic tiles in figures and designs made at Zancaville, Ohio, and elsewhere, are now in direct con petition with British tiles, and the rival offices up-town

Mr. Sprague sold out his interest in the St. James Hotel, which represented no capital advanced, for

For the first year in twenty, Mr. James Breslin has no Saratoga, the village where he was reared. New-York City savings banks, unbroken in the midst of

Wall Street's distresses, show that savings survive speculation and the poor are getting the turn on the rich Mr. Azariah Boody, who built the Wabash Railroad, sars that nearly every failure and tragedy down-town for

years past is due to speculation and nothing else. Judge Arthur MacArthur, of the United States District of Columbia bench, who is a well-preserved man of sixtynine, has in press a book calling for manual education in the schools as an offset to the tyranny of methanics' unions controlled by foreigners who have broken up the apprentice system and forbid our native boys to acquire a handicraft. The schools cram the little boys' heads instead of giving them health and muscle and tool-craft and so they grow up to be dudes and prigs and bewaiters

James L. Claghorn, who possesses 42,000 engravings, representative of all periods, probably worth \$200,000, is lying ill of gout in Philadelphia. He regenerated the Philadelphia Academy of Fine Arts. His father went m Rochester, Massachusetts, to Philadelphia, and the sons made a great fortune in the auction business. Mr. orn a few years ago sold his paintings for \$75,000 at anction in New-York and led the way in engravings,

gress and the Hathorn Springs, which are situated hardly four hundred feet apart. The Congress Spring people claim that the Hathorn folks have for years spic their shipments and sent to the railreads to get the private marks off their boxes, and then have addressed letters to their customers underbidding the prices. They say they mean to continue the war, and they attack the te. The Hathorn folks say the Empire Spring, not the ongress, is salted, and that "they sell three-quarters of million bottles, or a third more than the Congress," The artificial mineral water men are looking on with joy and say: " Perhaps the most natural mineral water is the

From what I pick up the following figures about the orings of Saratog's are nearly correct. Congress Spring flint glass bottles cost about 40 cents a dozen. Hathorn or 60 barrels (as of Gryser). It coats to sent a car load of the water from the springs to Saratoga or New-York One interral water firm, Scherer, in Barciay at Jook thirpeads of the same apring. The Hathorn Spring flows two 6,000 persons drink in the park every fair summer day-

I hear the Saratoga people talk of only two other spring groups in the country, the Bedford Springs in Pennsylvania, which are called good, while the hotel accommodations are criticised there. The Hot Springs of Virginia. near the Greenbrier Springs, are visited by people with gout and rheumatesm, who go direct from Saratoga.

The intemperate way people drink water has compelled the Hathorn Spring at Saratoga to put a physician in an office at the spring house to advise total abstinence people about temperance. They drink so wildly that the at the idea that they may ever take

A little boy at Sarators was recently run over and his collar-bone broken, his jaw dislocated and his skulcrushed. Iv. Pallen put a plate in the back of his head and says he will live, but that feeble cry is heard by mol be in power another quarter of a century. the last thing at night and the first in the morning, and I wonder whether any man not a laborer ought to be

Mr. Ernest F. Acheson, of West Middletown, in Wash-Garrett was born in this place—in the same county where Mr. Blaine first saw the light of day. In conversation with two of the oldest citizens of this town I ascertained that Robert Garrett, the father of John W., was born on a farm about five miles south of here. When a young man he came here and opened a general store. About 1810 he was appointed a Justice of the Peace and acted as such for some years; one of his old dockets is still in the possession of one of the 'Squires of the town. The house in which John W. Garrett was born is sti standing and is new used as a hotel. It was pointed out to me to-day by one of the old gentlemen already re-ferred to, who remembers well when Robert Garrett kept store on the first floor and lived on the second. His first wife died here, and a few years afterward when in Baltimore buying goods he met the lady who became his Some years after his second marriage removed to Baltimore, and his subsequent career as a successful merchant is well known. Robert Garrett, as well as his two brothers who remained in this county and whose descendants still live here, was an abolitionist. Robert may have medified his views after his removal to Baltimore, as I have understood that his son, John and his grandson, Robert, are Democrats, which would e the case if he had remained as strong in the absolution faith as his old friends and relatives here Probably John W. did not altogether forget his early teachings, and perhaps their influence helped to make him as useful an ally of the North as if every stock-holder in it the Baltimore and Onio Baltroad; had been a

celebrated throughout this whole region as being a hot-bed of abolitiouism. It was an important station on the underground railroad. ' Here 'old John Brown' was a attended and addressed by such men as James Bir abolition candidate for President in 1844; Dr. Le Moyne (cremation fame), who was three times the also candidate for Governor of Pennsylvania, and other distinguished men. The local leaders of the abelitionists were Thomas and Matthew McKeever, Scotch-Irishmen. strong in intellect and resolute in purpose; fearless in fighting for what they believed to be right. Thomas became an associate judge of the county courts, noted far his clear head and upright decisions; Matthew married a sister of Alexander Campbell, the founder of the Disciples or 'Campbellite' Church (of which President Gar id was a member). He and his wife established th Picasant Hill Female Seminary' about a mile west of this. This institution had a large patronage from the Disciples, particularly those of Kentucky and Tennesses, where that denomination gained strength more rapidly than elsewhere. Parents would send their buys to flet any College, founded by Rishop Campbell and iscaled six les west of 'Pleasant Hill,' across the Virginia line and their girls to the school presided over by Campbell's "Old John Brown" and Matthew Mckeever were partners in the sheep and wool business for several McKeever had hiding-places for fugitive slaves constructed about the old seminary and its numerous outbuildings, and in apeculiarly heavy growth of tim-ber land to the north on the banks of Cross Creek. Th fact that he sided escaping slaves was whispered about among the pupils and by some of them communicated to their parents in the south, who threatened McKeever with the loss of patronage if he did not deny. This he refused to do, declaring that the school might lose every pupil it had before he would surrender his right to think and act as his conscience directed. The prosperity of the seminary then decreased; the attendance dwindled; it struggled through the war by throwing its doors open to both sexes, but was closed in 1865 upon the death of McKeever's son, who was then in charge, the Rev. Campbell McKeever."

* Edwin M. Stanton, to whom you reter as an early friend of John W. Garrett, was of the Steubenville, Ohio, family of Stantons. That place is only about fifteen miles from West Middletown, Penn. Dr. Stanton, a brother of the distinguished Secretary, practised at New-Brigh-

on in this State," continues Mr. Acheson, " and was d in 1871 Auditor-General of Pennsylvania, bu sleeted in 1871 Auditor-General of the office. A married died before assuming the duties of the office. sister resided at Welisburg, West Virginia, twelve miles west of this place. It is possible, therefore, that the Garretts and Stantons were friends in early days. I have already written you a great deal more than I intended when I sat down, and in closing only wish to call your attention to another singular fact, viz., that Mr. B. Frank Jones, the Chairman of the Republican National mittee, was also bern in Washington County. This I have not seen mentioned in any but our local papers. I stand Mr. Jones was born about ten miles south of this, near Claysville, on the old National Road. This you the Englishman, as well as of others of his characcould readily verify by calling upon him at head-

quarters." A person from Ruffalo, New-York, came to the Repub lican headquarters as soon as they were opened with the Cleveland-Halpin scandal. The gentleman in control immediately replied: "We are not making that kind of campaign and will not touch it." But Democratic journals almost exclusively stirred it up. The paper lately sold to railroad parties by the heirs of the poet Bryant made perhaps the dirtiest mess of any of it, having in the blind ferocity of apostacy forgotten that there were such things as women and helplessness. Another evil-minded Sadducee out West now retorts that Mr. Blaine was at least in love with his own wife. This is the kind of being the will want to hang around the White House under the pure Democratic and Pharisee rule. By their fruits ye

Here are three hotel-keepers of Saratoga talking to me during the past week: first, James M. Marvin, of the United States Hotel, the most prosperous man in Saratoga County: "Blaine has a walk-over. He will carry New-York State by 50,000 to 75,000 majority." Clair, Grand Union Hotel: "I am a Democrat, and while I shall vote for Cleveland thave not the least idea of electing him, and it looks to me as if this campaign would be the dying kick of the Democratic party. ian Club in this village could not raise \$85 to hire a band to serenade Governor Hendricks when he was notified of fice for the candidate I" Charles Losekam, proprietor of the Clarendon Hotel, Saratoga, and of the new Genesce Hotel, Buffalo: "I like Mr. Cleveland first rate. Blaine will be elected, I guess. That's what they think in Buffalo. The German Republicans there have not budged from their position. They have thrived under the Republican party and cannot be picked up for fools. Mr. Losekam is a German.

Judge David Davis told me that the cannibal story if true ought never to have been published, as it only annoyed the posterity and relicts of the dead. He did not know that the true man-eaters and cannibals take a meal of fellow-man every day, and being now on the run in their scheme of political slander would like to turn the theme into a new sensation.

Shall a starving man eat the flesh of the dead or give it to the worms! This was the conundrum of Biddy Rernea. All this absurdity of Polar expeditions came its employes to send them upon its reporting enterprises, meets subern the United States to carry its drooping fortunes into noise and death.

Howard Hinkle, of Van Antwerp, Bragg & Co., the chief school-book publishers in the West, says Ohlo looks beautiful" for Blaine, that the Germans in Cinemnati

Cockran, of Tammany Itali, and Ed. Kearney, of the ditto. Cockran came to this country at accenteen, taught He would make a great computer speaker and is even latter as a debater. In English Carl Schurz is a dry chip to him. He says the workmen and the clergy of the Catholic Church turn an equally cold face to Mr. seems that John E. Develin went to convert Vicar-General Quinn to Cleveland, and made no more insaion than Henry the Eighth made on the Pope in that Peter's portion, barren in other patrimony than the pure water gushing forth of an honest and accredited posterity. I hear that Ed. Kearney, his son-in-law Docharty and Register Reilly are the only Clevelanders in Tam many Hall. Kearney thinks Cieveland's chances not all John Kelly listens and reveals nothing. everybody who studies that well-satisfied countenance knows that Mr. Keep-shady Cleveland will stay at homand not be occupying any of our property.

The Hon, Patrick Walsh, of Georgia, a member of the Democratic National Committee, says the election of Blaine will finally break the Solid South, which he depre-He says Blaine got no office-holders' support from the South, and is therefore free to offer his patron-age to the young men of talent there, sons of Conthey can reorganize the colored vote and the Democrats will be too much discouraged to go through another solidification." The Republican party would therefore word," said Bourke Cockran to me, "I can't see that the Solid South breaking up is any great argument to elect Cleveland." Mr. Walsh'is a self-made man, who made the money at the printing case to educate himself at Georgetown College, and he argues hard for Cleveland.

partnership threatened to produce ! It must have been like Abraham Lincoin's homely illustration in the Illinois Legislature. "Mr. Speaker." said he, "the Honorable Paul Domber saw a dreadful thing entering his room. It was as big as an ox. It seemed to be a dragon. He | the dining-hall of the Inn watch he is attending four

We present to the Democratic party as all they will get out of this campaign the skin of Carl Schurz, with a few old dried beans, once famous for their wind, in it, and we do not desire it to be returned to us after the campaign. out suggest that it be given to some patent medicine museum as that of a man who tried to be happy without

Developments will presently be made-the letter is extant-of Grover Cleveland's trade of reform in the City of New York as well as of corporation bills to secure the empty goard of a Presidential nomination. He trusts top much in the honor of unpopular men.

Samuel J. Tilden's friends refuse to believe that he is in favor of Cleveland. He put his foot on Cleveland's letter of acceptance. Grover went into the groves and necame a Druid. So that party is now composed of dudes and Druids. How sad is Daniel Manning!

There are 300 rooms in the Grand Union Hotel, Saratora, and 500 servants. Napter Lothian, who makes the erickets stop to hear his band, is the son of our old Lothian who made music before our parents were ac-Mr. Kountre, the banker, says the disaffection to Blaine

is confined to some men who let their newspapers furnish their reason in New-York. General Granville M. Dodge says club life in New-York is hencycombed with disappointed men who cannot hear to see a popular favorite, and they congregate spitefully because they are not named or consulted.

York, of the same general family as Charles Carroll, of Carrollton, his branch having come over after the troubles of 1798, is said to be the author of the communications in *The Sun* demanding Cleveland to be with-He is a connoisse if in paintings of the old masters, and was the champion of Lucius Robinson for

I hear it whispered that the managers of the Demoeratic National campaign do not want Cleveland elected. He must colonize with the dudes somewhere in

The uprising of a great people in aid of human nature makes the very weather realous, and the pine cones drop on the northern hills like the ballots of a whole family gathered into a cluster. The piny South is almost ready drop her pine comes too to the roar of the camp-meeting hymn:

I can hold out no more; I yield to mighty Love a child, And own Thee Conqueror;"

SHE MIGHT HAVE KNOWN IT.

Prom The Philadelphia Call.

Mrs. Minks—"Oh, I've just made the funniest discovery. You know my husband nev r wouls tell me what they do at the secret so lety he is a member of."

Mrs. Finks—"Yes; mine won! either."

Mrs. Minks—"Well, vesterday a life can of alsobal came addressed to him for the lodge. He is past grant some addressed to him for the lodge. He is past grant some him goins up stairs with some of the alcohol, and when he got to als room. I peeped through the key-ole, and what do you think I saw! He lod an alcohol lamp and was putting sair on the wick, and it made the awfulest, grantiest kind of a light. I was possively scared, he looked so the a gobilm. I suppose they do that at their inil lations." c. as need kind of a light. I was possively scared, he looked so into a gobilm. I suppose they do that at their initiations."

M's Fink—Did you ever! Well, I might have known they used alcohol. My husband always comes hence smalling of it."

JOTTINGS IN LONDON.

SOME ENGLISH CUSTOMS-NOTES HERE AND THERE. FROM AN OCCASIONAL CORELSPONDENT OF THE TRIBUSE. LONDON, Aug. 3. After "doing" Windsor Palace conscientiously,

our party had filed into a little pastrycook's shop on the main street of Windsor. On the wall of the shop there was a little sign that seemed to tell more of the intense conservatism of teristics, than the excellent preservation of the gloomy memorials of the Tower, or the imposing array of escutcheons of the Knights of the Garter in the palace a hundred years or so away. (It is simply an act of humanity to the tourist, whose life is one of toil and hardship, to say that the lemon tarts were especially good, and more to be remembered than some museums.) This little sign recorded the fact that on this site there had been a pastry-cook's shop for 154 yards-that is to say, beginning before the time when George Washington was a little red-faced baby in Westmoreland County, Virginia-and that during 130 years of that time it had been kept by one family-the name Lester. Such a readiness as this to take life as it comes, such a willingness to stay put, such a pride in mere adhesiveness, seemed strange enough by contrast with the restless, striving life of America, where every son expects to be an improvement on his father, and the father is disappointed if he is not. You cannot help wondering at the passage of reform bills and the like in a country where men point with pride to the tarts their ancestors made. Proofs of a reverence for antiquity and precedent

meet you on every hand, and are exceed ugly interesting to one who visits England for the first time. You see it in the preservation of landmarks. in inscriptions, statues, customs of the people, and the dress of some of them, and in a thousand and one ways. As you are thinking, perhaps, of these things in a crowded London street, the Lord Mayor's coach drives past, a mass of absurd gilding and frippery, looking for all the world like a Tom Thumb's carriage grown to full size. Not one line or tint of its gorgeousness is suffered to be diminished. An American official living in the midst of our prosaic atmosphere could no more ride in such an equipage than he could take the oath of office dressed in the tinsel crown and robes of Macbeth The Englishman, surrounded with countless memo riais of a past that runs back to the beginnings of modern history, and breathing an atmosphere of veneration, is glad of the chance to ride in it, and his less fortunate fellow-citizens are pleased to look at him. Mr. Hare, in his "Walks in London," gives two amusing illustrations of the English conviction that whatever has been is probably right. In the old times, when a knowledge of "the three r's" was less common than it is now, it was customary to require the new Sheriff to prove that he could count up to sixty-one by performing that marvellous feat in the presence of witnesses. Also to prove his physical strength, of which there was need in those days, by cutting a bundle of sticks with his kurfe. In spite of all efforts to do away with them these customs are still followed, and the very knife of the fathers is preserved for the ceremony, but, in consideration of modern muscular degeneracy, a bundle of matches is made to do duty for sticks.

One of the most picturesque of these survivals is the costume of the boys educated at the famous school of Christ's Hospital-a blue gown with long skirts, a red leather girdle, yellow stockings, and bands at the neck. This is made more picturesque, though hardly more comfortable, by absence of a hat. One informant said that this was because the prescribed hat was not wearable, and therefore the boys go hare-headed in rain and shine-even in winter. The costume is like that of the citizens of London in the time of Edward VI, the school's founder, and it is very picturesque indeed when seen in a crowded Lor don street, in a sea of chimney-pot hats and commonplace modern ciothes. Among the old privileges of the school still exercised, is that of paying a visit to the Lord Mayor every Easter Tuesday, at the Mansion House when each scholar is given a bright new shilling, just from the mint, Many of these odd features of London life are pre-

which make their continuance obligatory. But it is at least open to question whether even if there were no such binding clauses, they would not still be preserved by the English love of doing what heir ancestors did-a sentiment certainly worthy of respect, and having a good deal to recommend it. Probably there is no one of these surviving customs that strikes the transatlantic mind so strangely as tha which makes the eating of so many dinners a year in the dining-halls of the Iuns of Court an absolutely indispensable qualification for former times dining in commons may easily have been a better sign than it would be now of regular attendance upon the law lectures. The rule still holds, however, that the student must take his dinner in shooed it away and shooed and shooed. But, sir, it was times each term. There are four terms each year, and this must be continued during the full student course of three years. If he misses one of the prescribed number of dinners in any term he loses that term altogether, and is so much further away troub his barrister's wig. But no one need waste any sympathy on the students subjected to this river one rule. The amount of hardship involved is not great. If the student be carolled in the Middle Teembe he dines in the magnificent dining, half so glowingly described by Hawthorne in the Euglish Note-Books, in which the play of "Twelfth kind, the student be considered with the magnificent dining, half so glowingly described by Hawthorne in the Euglish Note-Books, in which the play of "Twelfth kind, the student of the stud and this must be continued during the full student course of three years. If he misses one of the pre-

he had offen been struck with the faces from Hogarth's pictures he met in London crowds. Per-haps there was in Dickons even more of the genius of reporting, which is certainly genius of a high order, than he had credit for. During two months in London I think I have see

During two months in London I think I have seen more drunken women than drunken men in the streets. Statistics of this kind are apt to be missive and the streets. Statistics of this kind are apt to be missive drunkenses in Faris than in London, and yofth hand drunken women and the drunking women that are among the aights of the poorer quarters in London are not pleasing to the eye of the American, who is not accustomed to see women on either side of the bar. Here they are to be found on both sides. Harmaids server the liquor in almost every "public house" or "gin-palace," and in every one you pass you can see women drunking.

Sometimes their may be only a tew, and somephaces and evidently thinking nothing of it. They may be going in merely for a glass of beer, but their iese prosperous sisters are more likely to be taking gin. Walking through Drury Lane or some other squalid street at midnight of a Saturds with dirty, half-naked children and goesiping, thisy women, some of whom not even gray hars will keep from cursing, quarrelling and fighting. Whether the presence of the barmaid behind the counter encourages the women to come in, or simply because her labor is characterion to the presence of the barmaid behind the counter encourages the women to come in, or simply because her labor is there to stay, apparently, and seems to be there to stay, apparently, and seems to be there to stay, apparently, and seems to be

regarded as one of the catablished institutions of the coun'ry. It is the custom to speak of her as the "pretty barmaid." Perhap this was true of the first generation of barmaids, but it is not easy to find the justification for it now. The barmaid of the period has a basmess-like, resolute look, as if she could exercise the functions of an American "bonneer" on occasion, but those we happened to see were certainly not beautiful. The one making most pretensions to prettiness was a modest-looking girl in the foyer of the handsome new Empire Theatre. She tried to open a bottle of soda-water for us. The cork was obstinate. When she put the bottle between her knees and began to tug with all her strength, I confess that my American matinets oversame me. I took the bottle away from her and pulled the cork myself. Probably this was a very ridiculous thing to do. Sir Lepel Griffin says that the degree of deference paid to women in America is absurd, or something of that sort. An American (from Wisconsin) told an Englishman, with some Western intensity, that in America the man who put a woman behind the bar to sell his whisky would be lynched by the men who drank it. The Englishman seemed very much amused.

There was a most impressive moment in one of Spurgeon's sermons a tew Sundays ago. He was urging his hearers to prover against a besetting sin.

"Let us breathe it now," said he, and as he raised his hand it seemed as if with that act he litted the vast congregation up on the heights of prayer. There was perfect stillness, and you could feel that the whole assemblage was silently praying. The sermon was plain, direct, matter-of-fact in the highest degree, absolutely without sensationalism of any kind, and showing little claim on the part of the preacher to brilliancy or eloquence. A preacher more units elected, with whom it is natural to any kind, and showing little claim on the part of the preacher to brilliancy or eloquence. A preacher more unlike Beecher, with whom it is natural to compare him, could hardly be imagined. He seems to owe his great success to strength of character and that mysterious quality called leadership.

In one of the State apartments in Windsor Palace we were vividly reminded of one picturesque custom—an echo of feudalism, but itself of modern date. On opposite walls of the Guard Chamber are perched two small silken flags, fresh in color. These are renewed every year by the Duke of Marlborough and the Duke of Wellington respectively, and this curious annual tribute is the sole condition on which these noblemen hold their titles and estates. A failure to pay it would work a forfeiture. The attendant said that on the next day the Duke of Wellington's year would expire, and his new flag would be due. There has been no intimation in the newspapers that the title has lapsed, and it is safe to assume that the noble Duke was on time. In one of the State apartments in Windsor Palace

A LAD'S LONG AND MOURNFUL JOURNEY FROM DENVER TO GAUTEMALA WITH HIS PATHER'S

BODY-REMARKABLE BUSINESS TACT. There came to this city a short time ago, a boy of tender years, who, in the discharge of a mission unusual in one so young, had performed a journey remarkable not only from the distance travelled, but from its attending circumstance. Pablo Vas concelas, the lad in question, was visited a day or two ago at an uptown boarding-house frequented by persons of Spanish race. He is only tweive years old, small and delicate, with a pale face slightly freekled, and a remarkably high formhead. He is of a nervous temperament and shows great natural brightness. He was attended only by a stolid Indian servant, a boy about fifteen or sixteen years of age. Pablo had in charge the deal hody of his father, who died in Denver, and is on his way home with it. The boy's tather was Senior Jose M. Vasconcelas, Minister of Public Instruction in Guatemala, during the administration of President Mignel Garcia franados, which after lasting for ten years, closed four years ago.

Senor Vasconcelas was a man of property and good standing in Mexico, and was one of the commission, consisting of four Americans and four Mexicans, which drew the boundary line between the Mexican possessions of Old California and the conquered province which now forms the State of California. He was a uning englacer by profession, and was interested in some mit, ing projectly in Colorado. For skewheeled about in a chair while attending to he duties. Little Pablo had a commanied his father in his journeys for about a year past, Schora Vasconcetas remaining at home to manage her humband's estate.

On July 25 the father died of a paraly fe stroke or two ago at an uptown boarding-house

band's estate.

On July 25 the father died of a paraly is scroke at the American House, in Denver, after in timess of two days. Pablo, with a thought fulness beyond his years, took charge of his father's money and valuables, and, after having the body embalmed, arranged for its transportation to New-York, where his only relative is a sister, sixteen years old, at school in the Convent of the Sacred Heart, in Manhattanville, according to the best accounts that could be obtained from Pablo's Spanish friends, he reached here the last of July. Before starting he telesgraphed to this city by what train he should leave Denver, and some of the spanish residents met him at the depot here, but the little fellow would neither eat nor rest, until he saw the box containing his father's body safely stored at an undertaker's in Fourth-ave, He secured receipts for all money paid out by him in connection with his journey. The strangest thing is that neither he nor his servant can speak a word of English. Pablo managed to make himself understood by signs. In speaking of his father, Pablo here mes restless and extrable. His friends speak of it as an extremely strange thing that notwithstanding all he has done in the matter he does not seem to realize that his father is dead, and tries to console his sister by telling her that their father is "only asleep." He imagines that he has heard him sigh, and says that he "knows he would come and speak to them if he were not in that bex." On July 25 the father died of a paraly is scroke served by the conditions of old charters and gifts and says that he "knows he would speak to them if he were not in that box. When a Trippest re-When a THREEN reporter saw the boy, at 44 Irving Place, he was expecting to start for Mexico to see General Berriozabal, who is named a executor of Senor Vasconcelas's estate. On his return his father's body will be forwarded to Guatemala.

THE MEDDLING MOTHER-IN-LAW.

From The Louisville Courier Journal Mr. Thatcher is a brilliant paragraphist on the Daily Pecking. He's very smar. He can it down and write the cut larest things about women's rights a mether-in-iaw either ne. Why ever an this paper comes of with something a sahing agains, wo en, and they say it's always Mr. Thatcher who writes it. Once

What delicate dishelism?

She stayed right along all the time Mrs. Thatcher was lying at the port of death. Yes, that terrible, inho man verations old viters aspectible on night and day old she dragged her daughter back to health. She was often very tired, often anxhous and despendent, but she was often very tired, often anxhous and despendent, but she was often very tired, often anxhous and despendent, but she was often very tired, often anxhous and despendent has the she sawing him about \$10 a week by doths the work of both cook and nurse. What heartless cas! What mendurable morness Just His a mother-in-law, for all the world. All the time under the smellenthal was obliged to remain under the same good with the terrible woman. In a his hour of triumphosme at last. The mether-in-law straightened up the house, kissed her weeping daughter good bye and went home, leaving Mr. Thatcher a free man once more. The very next day, in the studerance of his joy, he wrote and printed thus paragraps.

The happiest m n on the face of the earth is the man without a mother-in-law.